

# St. Joseph's Collegian.

---

Vol. XIII.

Rensselaer, Ind., May 1907.

No. 4.

---

## Life.

O H, what is life, the cynic cries,  
A loathed thing that I despise;  
A birth—a bloom—a chilling breath;  
Debility, then clammy death.  
A birth, a bloom, a chilling breath,  
The chapters are, the last is death.  
Man's life is but a feeble spark  
That faintly sputters,—then comes dark.

Ah, no, the Christian makes reply,  
Life is a flower not born to die:  
It is a joy, a gift divine,  
Where reason, truth, and faith combine  
In one grand pilgrimage of love,  
Blessed with communion from above.  
And good deeds done reward will bring  
When my immortal soul takes wing.

JNO. J. GALLAGHER, '09.



## The Descent of Aeneas.

THE triumph of all Roman poetry is without doubt the Aeneid, in which Vergil in all his Roman majesty and dignity pictures the Father of his glorious nation. Passages of unrivalled beauty and grandeur are scattered throughout the work, but the greatest interest and the supreme effort of the poet are centered in the sixth book, the climax of the epic, which presents the most remarkable event in the life of Aeneas,—his descent into the nether world. As such it is extremely interesting, since it is the final effort of a pagan poet, relying on nothing else than on reason and his poetic vision, to enter the realms of the spiritual, and reflects most clearly the heathen conception of the great beyond. Even for the Christian world this descent became a living source of inspiration, from which Dante and Milton drew most abundantly.

With a golden twig in his hand, and the hoary Sibyl for his guide, Aeneas descends into the realms of Pluto, whence no one, except he be the son of a god, can return. Neither marble nor canvas could give an adequate expression to the wonderful scenes which Vergil, employing all the resources of the poet, conjures up before our eyes. Death and the various symbols of human suffering and disease, clothed in airy bodies, keep watch at the entrance to the nether world. This scene, which the poet placed there in order to prepare us for earnest thoughts, strikes a peculiar chord in our souls, severing us from the world above and introducing us into these mystic and dismal regions. We pass into the gloom and silence, broken only by the doleful moans of the Acheron. As we approach it, a strange voice from afar breaks upon our ear:

Quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis,

Fare age, quid venias, jam istinc et comprime gressum!

It is the ferry-man, who rows the shades of the departed across the Acheron. One of the most pathetic scenes is presented here. Out of countless numbers that flock to the shore only a few are given passage. Here the yearnings of the departed souls find their highest expression, for they can not find rest until they come to the happy land for which they are destined. These scenes are not like those in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where from the first we can recognize their fantastic conception; no, these are solemn scenes of eternity, which embody the best thought and the deepest feeling of the Roman.

Having crossed the Acheron, and passed the Cerberus, the guardian of hell, they come to the river Styx, which, if once crossed, all hope of return is left behind. Here are heard the cries of children, who died when very young. How this heathen bard came to assign to such infants this limbo is very interesting and peculiar. Yet from a poetic standpoint they are very properly placed at the entrance of hell, for they cast a melancholy gloom over the scene, excite a tender feeling and prepare the mind for the grave scenes and solemn representations which are to come. The children do not weep because they suffer punishment, but because they have been deprived of life so soon.

Proxima deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi laetum

Insontes pepere manu, lucemque perosi

Projecere animas.

Very fitly again the poet places into the adjoining fields of mourning the souls of those who "jumped the life to come". Here Vergil justly rebukes the stoics of his time, who deemed it the highest moral courage to put an end to their existence, for they would gladly return to earth and bear their hard lot; but Styx is passed and all hope is left behind. Here also many a disappointed lover bewails his deed of self-destruction, among whom Aeneas finds his Dido. In this instance the poet shows that the pagan world



had a clear idea of the potentialities of the souls, which though departed from their bodies, know what passed whilst on earth. But the scenes increase in horror the nearer we approach Tartarus, which the hoary Sibyl describes to him in most vivid pictures, such as only the greatest poetic mind is able to conceive. To increase our interest and to give it a more human aspect, the poet depicts several single cases of eternal punishment in which the pains endured are in proportion to the offenses, offered either to the deities or to fellow-men. At the same time this religiously inclined poet exclaims to the sceptics of his time, who ridiculed the idea of a hereafter:

*Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.*

These scenes well reflect the distinction which the cultured pagan world made between what is morally good and morally evil.

At last they reach the Elysian fields of the blessed. Having left the gloomy and dismal abodes of the wretched, Elysium dawns upon our mind like a bright summer morn, when blooming meadows around us are bathed in pearly dew, and the clear azure sky is filled with the thrilling music of the skylarks. An exultant feeling wells up in our soul, for we have reached that much yearned-for goal. This Elysium as conceived by the Romans and Greeks must remain forever the sublimest conception of a poet's heaven, for it is spiritual grandeur embodied in physical nature. This spiritual atmosphere is heightened and made even perceptible to our eye by the mysterious purple light which streams over the verdant mountains and valleys with their shady groves and crystal waters. This is the delightful abode of the elect. Here dwell the fathers of the nations and the heroes of their race, joined by priests of all ages and the bards, the worthy singers of Apollo's praise, who fill Elysium with sweetest music, whilst dance, the poetry of motion, charms our vision. Here, among the priests, Aeneas finds his father Anchises, who explains to him the spiritual world and the future of the Trojan race in most

glowing language and in pictures that could come only to the mind of the greatest poetic genius. Here Vergil surpassed all the poets of antiquity. The scheme of creation and the nature of the soul he sums up very briefly:

Principio coelum ac terras camposque liquentes  
Lucentemque globum Lunae Titaniaque astra  
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.

This seems to be a pantheistic conception. The spirit that nourishes all and the mind that pervades all is the active self-developing principle of the spiritual and terrestrial universe; in other words: God is confounded with created elements; cause and effect are one. From this principle he also deduces the preexistence of the souls of all animate creation and assigns to them a heavenly origin and a celestial nature. Though such views are known to be false in the light of reason as well as revelation, yet this Platonic idea of the soul makes itself felt even in some of our greatest modern poets, such as in Wordsworth, in his Ode to Immortality, in Tennyson, in his 'In Memoriam', in Goethe, in some of his letters, and in many others. But in spite of these erroneous views, Vergil expresses a well-defined teaching never uttered before by a pagan, a doctrine which is so much assailed by all sects and creeds outside the Catholic Church, namely, the doctrine of Purgatory. It is a most original, even if a somewhat vague conception. Suspended in air or in dashing water or in fire, the souls are purged from their stains. He correctly concludes:

Exinde per amplum  
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci laeta arva tenemus,  
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,  
Concretam eremit labem, purumque relinquit  
Aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.

Plato was very obscure and unsatisfactory on this point. According to him all souls underwent a purgation, and then perhaps lost their individuality in the universal soul. But from this teaching Vergil entirely departs, for otherwise he



could have no eternal hell, which he describes as a place of punishment and not of purgation; he could not have said—

*Pauci laeta arva tenemus,*

for not all are admitted to this limbo of purgation. In this the poet had the true Christian understanding of Purgatory. The doctrine of Purgatory has therefore found its first exponent in a poet ignorant of Christian teaching and revelation, which proves that this truth can be arrived at by the light of reason.

Thus the first effort to descend beyond the material world was not at all unsuccessful, and considering that it was made by a pagan before the dawn of Christianity, when the whole world was steeped in most degrading vices and great darkness, it must be considered the most wonderful achievement of all antiquity. From a literary standpoint it is no less remarkable, for if it is surpassed by Dante and Milton in correctness and gorgeousness, it is superior in originality, and perhaps also in artistic finish.

PAUL WIESE, '08.



### The Gold-fish.

FLASHING in the golden sunlight  
Through the window streaming,  
Swimming noiselessly about,  
In contentment dreaming;  
Dreaming little that its beauty,  
Red and golden gleaming,  
Cheers his master's discontented  
Mind, with isms teeming.

L. F., '08.

## The Adventures of an Umbrella.

AS the umbrella is the companion of man it is not surprising that, like its master, it should have a series of adventures. Indeed, more so, since it not unfrequently shares the fortunes of several men. As there are innumerable types of men, so there are also countless sorts of umbrellas, and it seems as if some invisible power has disposed that the umbrella and its master should fit together. It would be an impossible attempt to describe all the felicities as well as the miseries resulting from such unions. I was fortunate enough to learn the history of such an umbrella, and I will here set it down, bespeaking the pardon of those of my readers who do not like a story of ingratitude and abuse.

It was one of those large umbrellas, you might call them parachutes, in fact, it was large enough to land a medium sized man in safety from an ordinary height. Originally it had been of very costly material, but it had now undergone so many combinations and alterations that one would be at a loss to find the proper name for its present material. At a distance it appeared very much like silk, but as the spectator approached, it proved to be of a rougher and coarser fiber. But the material matters little, it is sufficient to know that it was an umbrella, and that it could boast of a respectable age.

Mr. Clacker, an industrious German farmer, was its first owner, that is, he succeeded to the ownership after it had been remodeled; he would in this case be its second owner, the original owner being unknown. It was regarded as one of the few treasures which the Clacker family possessed. The size, strength, and impenetrability had been carefully looked to, for Mrs. Clacker generally selected a



rainy day to pay the neighbors the periodical visits; nothing else could be done anyhow on such days, she said, therefore without annoyance to the neighbors, and without loss of work for themselves she selected those days. Of course, the entire family, dressed in their most pretentious attire, as on the most solemn occasions, went along. There was Frank and John and Bennie and Katie and father; all were obliged to crowd around mother, who carried the umbrella. Without injury to their precious clothes and with much ease and comfort they could make the journey under a sort of moving tent.

Thus the umbrella remained for a long time the protector of the Clacker family during rainy weather. But the years going by and the children growing up, the umbrella, like its owners, gradually became older. It had nearly outlived its second childhood and was on the very verge of returning to its second manhood,—indeed a strange phenomenon—when the children grew tired of it. It was too old and heavy, they said, but the real cause was they did no more like its appearance. In any case the umbrella fell into disfavor. What do with it now?

The problem was happily solved. Mr. Clacker, now quite advanced in years, could no longer bear the heat of the sun while tilling his farm and reaping his grain, so Mrs. Clacker thought it very kind of herself to offer him her good umbrella, which he could attach to his machinery. We can easily imagine what a stately appearance the machine presented, decked with such an ornament, for the lower rim of the cloth had by this time acquired handsome fringes.

Now hard times began for the umbrella. Before this it had all been quiet and rest and kindness, and it had well-nigh been regarded and loved as a child of the family. Now it was little more than an outcast. What a changing world we are living in, that in its old days the umbrella, the protector of the family on a rainy day, should be brought to such a degradation.

The treatment which the umbrella received in its new position was pitiable indeed. For the lazy nags, Bill and



Rowey, would not make sufficient headway in the field unless constantly urged by the whip. This added misery to the umbrella; every lash dealt out to the horses would first strike the umbrella, and the slender whip would strike it again when withdrawn by a certain rapid jerk of Mr. Clacker's hand. Fortunately it received all the blows in exactly the same place, so that all feeling must have receded from that portion, as from the backs of the old horses where for years the lashes had fallen. This degradation lasted five years, which gives us some idea of the great strength, durability, and power of resistance, or, if we may call it such, fortitude in suffering.

One sultry morning in the latter part of September, when the grain was harvested and threshed, Mr. Clacker was sitting on his porch before the house, gazing in turn at his binder which was decked with the umbrella, and at the western horizon which was becoming darker and darker. About eight o'clock, a man, evidently of the tramp family, approached the house from the road. After a few introductory words Mr. Clacker learned that his name was George Lacs. It is useless to enter upon the tale of woe which the latter unfolded in confirmation of his demand to "help a poor fellow along with a nickel or so." Mr. Clacker stroked his beard with every variety of facial expression, but Mrs. Clacker interrupted him before he could give his views on the situation. She thought that a poor traveler would be very greatly benefited in such a rainy season by an umbrella. Mr. Clacker agreed quite readily, and before the tramp could express his opinion, the farmer hurried to his binder for the umbrella. In the attempt to take it from the machine he broke the lower part of the handle, and the crash went through the umbrella system like an electric shock through a human body.

Mr. Tramp received his gift with thanks and departed for the village. Soon the rain began to fall, and it appears as though he prided himself on his first umbrella, for he held it aloft with no little dignity. This gave him a comical appearance, and the street-boys, caring little for the rain, soon

flocked around him, like a pack of wolves around a deer, each trying to secure a piece of the umbrella for a souvenir. When its owner turned about, his pursuers instantly scattered, but one of those Brickstein boys was caught between a telephone post and an advertisement board; and there he would have received a blow from the irate traveler had the boy not dodged it with wonderful agility. As it was, the umbrella struck the post with such force as to break it into two pieces, the one falling into the ditch beside the street, the other remaining in the tramp's hand. Seeing that this part would be useless to him, the latter muttered a few unintelligible sounds and flung it across the street into the mud. Thus did the career of the umbrella come to a sad, though not an untimely, end.

E.OLBERDING, '08.



### When I Was Just a Boy.

WHEN dreamily to my youthful days  
 In spirit I return,  
 When I was just a lad of six  
 And went to school to learn;  
 With sorrows few and far between  
 And all outweighed by joy—  
 Oh, how those scenes come back to me,  
 When I was just a boy.

And there's the pond, that shady pool,  
 Where oft I went to fish;  
 The wild rose blooming all around  
 That cozy little niche,  
 Where many an hour I happily spent  
 With playmates George and Roy—  
 I'll never forget the fun we had  
 When I was just a boy.



Nigh to the pond a shed there stood  
With straw-thatched roof, and eaves  
'Neath which the swallows built their nests,  
Far from us little thieves;  
Below, in stalls, the sheep were kept,  
And lambs that were so coy,  
Oh! how I loved to play with them  
When I was just a boy.

I'll ne'er forget that summer eve,  
With sweet and dark green clover;  
Within the stall the lambs to feed  
I went with George and Rover.  
We did not think such kindly deeds  
Could any one annoy,  
But the ram was there, and out we went,  
When I was just a boy.

The strolls I took in dark, cool woods  
Where chattering squirrels were playing;  
The days I spent in bright sunshine  
With one and all a-haying—  
They all come back, yes, every one,  
From books my thoughts decoy,  
Those pleasant dreams, those merry scenes,  
When I was just a boy.

Those days are by, and now I feel  
Not one I had too many,  
I would not live a life that had  
Of boyhood days not any;  
For then I ne'er could taste the cup  
Of joy without alloy—  
Come back to me, you happy days,  
When I was just a boy.

HENRY FRONING, '08.

## The Realistic Trend in Modern Literature.

A SUPERFICIAL glance over the Literature of to-day reveals many characteristics peculiar to our age, and a multitude of points which stimulate the mind of a student of literature to deeper inquiry into the underlying principles that influence the prevalent trend of thought and the means through which they seek expression. In accordance with the spirit of the times, which can hardly be better described than by the epithets "progressive" and "commercial," the productions of our modern authors have a distinct character and peculiar atmosphere which affords abundant food for never-ending thought and controversy. Foremost among these distinguishing traits is that which is expressed and understood by the oft-quoted term, realism.

Any author or student might find it a task sufficiently difficult to give an exact and comprehensive definition of this word as applied to the literature of today; just precisely what it is and in what it consists can be better felt than expressed. Dean Howells, who is perhaps the most enthusiastic supporter of the realistic school, has expressed his opinion of it in terms somewhat like the following: "Realism is nothing more nor less than truthfulness to life and nature, and consists in the truthful treatment of material." So far, so good; but as it appears to be the bounden duty of every author to hold the mirror up to nature, we must endeavor to define the compass of realism in more specific terms, and point out its distinctive qualities and properties with greater clearness and precision.

When we speak of realism in modern literature, we refer to it as that particular characteristic which pervades modern literature in contradistinction to idealism and romanticism as found in the works of the Elizabethan authors and earlier literature in general. In harmony with the spirit of youth, English literature at its dawn took on a juvenile and romantic cast and soared aloft on the airy wings of fancy and imagination. Its representative authors



roved in the mazes of romance and chivalry, because the age in which they lived and wrote was romantic and chivalric.

But as time passed on, the child showed its chivalry by yielding to the man. The jovial age of fancy and imagination doffed its cap to the more serious era of realism and actual life, and the genius which produced during the Elizabethan and Georgian periods a "Fairie Queen" or an "Ivanhoe" attunes the lyre of the modern Muse to the sonorous and intensely human strains of "In Memoriam" or "Adam Bede." Life and the solving of its riddle is the fragrant flower, which above all others, seems to charm modern authors. In this age of analysis and research, romanticism as a distinctive form of literature is out of its element. True enough, it still retains, and to all appearances will retain a prominent place in the background, because nature and life—for what indeed is the life of many mortals but a romance—continually unfold new charms and beauties through the element of the romantic. But romanticism as such does not belong to this age.

Of idealism a different view must be taken. Idealism is a word on the tongue of every educated man. His life is but a striving after ideals, and their partial realization. He considers it, as it really is, the greatest glory to rise above the realms of common thought and action to the airy sublimity of that which he holds to constitute the world and life beyond. A noble thought, an elevated conception of things, no doubt. To a certain degree all art must be idealistic, that is, it must point upward, and wake our admiration for the higher things of life. But by what means? By treating of ideals through the thin guise of a realistic setting, or by portraying life in its reality, so as to merely reflect a certain truth or ideal? In this age of investigation and analysis we may expect the latter to be in vogue. As the scientist arrives at his conclusions, not by metaphysics, but by analysis, so the literary artist deals with life as it has come under his observation.

That a certain amount of realism is justifiable, no one will deny. Even the common every-day life is legitimate

material for artistic treatment. But is the manner of treatment of the realist artistic? That is the question. In the case of some of the most famous ones it is not. Instead of affording pure, refined pleasure, and elevating the heart and mind, they tend to deprave or disgust.

Here is the novelist who delights in presenting life in its bare reality; he throws wide open the doors and windows and wishes to show everything to everybody. His theme are the wildest passions of man excited to their utmost extremity, and these he portrays in terms of repulsive plainness and directness. In his effort to be interesting and scrupulously true to life, his vision becomes obscured, and he commits the fatal blunder of choosing the irregular and abnormal for originality and truth. Though our age be called a 'matter-of-fact age,' it is not such, we hope, in order to covertly nourish an inclination to the low and vulgar. Such a realism is a 'bird of a different feather,' as the saying goes, and if the manifestation of twentieth century realism is destined to assume such a form, then, truly, there seem to be good grounds for fearing lest the term 'realism' is applied to such a movement for reasons not unlike those which impel the patrons of art to bluster forth their watchword of 'Art for Art's Sake.'

As to the influence of such realism, there is and can be but one opinion. Zola was the craze of the world for a time, but sober men saw through the unrestrained license of his works and divined their ultimate effect and tendency. So with other works of like character. Europe is roused to the highest pitch of excitement over the 'thrilling' opera of Strauss, "Salome", a drama, to judge from reports, decidedly unfit for private perusal, much less for presentation before the footlights. If this is a concrete representation of what realism is to stand for, then better far to adhere to the old principles and forget all we have ever heard or learned of realism.

But, happily, such is not the case. This movement, which, by the way, is preeminently an American one, aims at a goal far higher and worthier than that of our French



and German cousins. The realism that pervades American Literature is a healthy and manly one. To simply state that realism deals with life, is perhaps placing the answer somewhat vaguely; for, from what other book, apart from revelation, can we draw our knowledge than that of life? But realism is especially exemplified in that distinctive tone which distinguishes American Literature of recent years from that of all other nations and times, viz. the human interest so thoroughly identified with all the works of the day. Everything seems to be tuned to the sentiments of the people, exhibiting their prejudices and opinions on this and that vital point of life, endeavoring at the same time to solve these problems in a satisfactory manner. This is the realism the American seems to want, and this appears to be the only true and beneficial realism; but this he will receive and experience only when the lofty spirit of genius permits itself to be influenced by the gentle spirit of truth and religion.

Stedman says in his "Victorian Poets" that many authors have fallen short of their aim and success in life because their genius failed to harmonize with the spirit of the times and people with whom they came in contact. There is indeed much truth in his statement, but if our writers are to be made the slaves of the people's passions and desires, and are so weak in principle as to cater to their wildest whims and caprices—be it under the plea of realism or twentieth-century ideas—then woeful, indeed, is the outlook for the future. It is the realism of life as it *ought* to be and the elevated conception of the commonplace joined to the charms of dignified expression that can warrant realism a place in literature, for it is only when tempered by such influences that it will be a power for the cultivation of the true, the good, and the beautiful.

BERNARD J. CONDON, '08.

## To Tennyson.

(After reading "In Memoriam.")

THOU prince of England's noble race,  
Immortal bard, accept, I pray;  
From one who in a later day,  
Admires thy tender love and grace,

A tribute of a few small flowers.  
'Tis all my sleeping Muse can claim.  
But if perchance a nobler strain  
Upon my lyre more music showers,

To thee, great poet of my heart,  
A glowing tribute shall I bring,  
And with a true and joyous ring  
Proclaim thy name and gentle art.

B. C., '08.



Thy Love, a pure and crystal spring  
That swells and babbles o'er its brink  
With tokens so profuse, to link  
Them in a dirge; which while we sing,

Thy Fear of never meeting him,  
Of the beyond,—much like a night  
In groping spent—is led aright  
By one consoling star, though dim,

Thy Hope, the rudder of thy soul,  
Which calms thy love from stormy grief,  
And brings to mourning true relief,  
And teaches thee Life's aim and goal.

A. K., '07.





Great son of song, true friendship's bard,  
Though now thy life and labor done,  
Still lives that love which made as one  
Two genial spirits, whose regard  
Bound each the other soul to soul.  
His stronger will was guide for both,  
Thine grew attentive, waned in growth,  
Strong love, but weak in self-control.  
As Arion on a sea of doubt,  
While hope, the dolphin, bears thee on,  
In spirit where thy friend hath gone,  
Thy harp breathes joy and grief about,  
And sheds on all a kindly tone,  
A sympathetic strain to grief,  
A soothing chord that brings relief:  
"God's will be done from zone to zone."

L. F., '08.



## The Songs of Ophelia and Ariel.

THE monument of Shakespeare's fame, it is true, is erected on the dramatic power and adaptability of his verse. But no less is his poetry to be admired on account of its highest beauties of thought and expression; for our thousand-souled bard has indeed unfathomed "many a gem of ray serene," so that with him lyric beauty and dramatic power go hand in hand. This is the general view. However, in this precious jewel case of beauties are interspersed still rarer gems—the songs of his plays; and among these poetical compositions the most perfect, and almost priceless, are the sweet strains of Ophelia and Ariel.

Comparing the songs of these two delicate Shakespear-ean creations, one finds the differences far exceeding their likenesses. However, in one respect, at least, they are a-

like. As both Ophelia and Ariel are delicate characters, so also are their songs marked by the same tenderness. Besides, in highly poetical qualities they are of parallel rank. Consequently, one will find it difficult, even as Paris did in the strife of the goddesses, to judge whose lips breathed the sweetest and most poetical strains: whether those of Ophelia, who sadly "chanted snatches of old tunes;" or of Ariel, whose music with its sweet air allayed the fury of the waters and wonderfully charmed all who heard his tender melodies.

Not very unlike, either in beauty or sentiment, is the song of Ophelia on her father's death, and that of Ariel deceiving Ferdinand with regard to his supposedly drowned father. Ophelia sorrowfully mourns:

"His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll;  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan:  
God ha' mercy on his soul."

Ariel with just as tweet an air pictures death, when he he sings softly:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes."

To say that the songs of Ophelia and Ariel contain greater differences than likenesses, is merely to distinguish between the characters themselves. Ophelia is sad and downcast; Ariel, joyous and sprightly. Ophelia is a bruised flower, that has but begun to bloom, and meets the saddest fate in the stagnant waters of that 'glossy stream'; while Ariel is the dainty humming-bird, that "in the cowslip's bell doth lie" and lives "under the blossom that hangs on the bough." Assuredly, if a delicate bruised flower could with its rosy petals chant a song, its melody would be far different from the lively strain of the pet bird. Yet both might contend for the highest beauty in expression and feeling; and being, perhaps, equally favored by the Muse, both would be deserving of the palm of superiority.



Ophelia, filled with sad remembrances and poignant griefs, chants recollections from her broken love.

“To-morrow is Saint Valentine’s day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.”

Ariel, filled with eager anticipation of his long-expected freedom, takes up a different tune. How joyfully do his lips breathe the glad and musical strains:

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip’s bell I lie;  
There I crouch when owls do cry,  
On the bat’s back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

The greatest charm of these songs, however, as indeed the greatest charm of anything, is their naturalness. Nothing else so absolutely natural and spontaneous is to be found in literature, not even in Shakespeare, the most natural of all writers. They are like clusters of spring flowers, that one finds upon the edge of the woods some fine day, which seemed to spring into life as our vision fell upon the spot.

In whatever manner one compares the songs of these two delicate creations, he will inevitably conclude that together they are the sweetest and most exquisite melodies in Shakespeare; that for poetic beauties they are unsurpassed in all literature. They indeed contribute much of the charm to the respective plays, and give, besides, a fuller characterization of the loving Ophelia and of Prospero’s dainty little sprite, Ariel; and here again, with genuine feelings of admiration, we may justly address the mighty, enchanting Shakespeare, and exclaim:

“Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a lasting monument.”

HERMAN GRUBE, '07.

## Jimmy James.

IT was a late afternoon in midsummer. All day the warm, steady sunshine had poured down upon the town, and now the dark mantle of the oncoming night was gradually sweeping the earth. The loud, cheerful cries and merry laughter of the children, frolicking in and out and around the old forsaken box factory near the river fell pleasantly upon the ear.

The boys were accustomed to assemble here every evening during the warm summer months to indulge with unflagging interest in the same old games. On this evening they seemed to be very much taken up with the little sport of "Hide-and-go-seek," but suddenly all interest ceased, for the oft-heard words "Mona, Mona," rose loud and clear upon the tranquil air. Immediately there was a scuffling and clamoring of feet as they all rushed with eager steps down Main street, to meet their old-time friend, Jimmy James, and accompany him to the bridge.

Jimmy James was a very interesting character, at least to the children, for it seemed that he would have nothing to do with anybody else but them. Oftentimes did people try to stop him on his way home and engage him in conversation, but their attempts always proved futile.

He was swarthy negro, with snowy hair and eyes that never lost their sparkle, although he had already seen his hundred and sixth birthday. His drooped form and hollow face, however, plainly portrayed his advanced age. Every night, without exception, would Jimmy come strolling down the street, at the rate of two steps a minute, with a long cane in his right hand and an old rag bag thrown over his left shoulder. His appearance never changed; the same old hat, shirt, trousers and big shoes that he had always worn



completed his attire today. One thing particularly noticeable was that he always took the middle of the street when going home, and at every fifteen or twenty steps called out "Mona, Mona", in loud tones. Why he would utter this name was a mystery, but it was commonly held that he was calling for his wife, who had taken her own life some years before. At the sound of these words the children ceased their play and flocked around him, and nearly every time would he stop and enjoy a five or ten minutes' chat with them. On this evening, however, he talked with them for at least twenty-five minutes. After entertaining them with several little tales of his own boyhood days, some sad, some merry, he closed with these words: "Be good chil'en, I tell you, 'cause the Lor'll make you all great men some day, and don't fo'get poah old Jimmy James, foah he lobed you most belovedly."

On bidding him good night, the children dispersed without resuming their play, as they had been accustomed to do on other days.

The next evening the boys were as usual intent upon their games, but no cries of "Mona, Mona", were heard. The children thought it rather queer and wandered down the street in search of him, but look as they might, they found no trace of their aged friend.

Jimmy James was never after heard of. If he had died, the fact was not learned by the people of the town. His disappearance was as mysterious as his life. For a long time his absence was felt by the children, for an interesting feature of their day's amusements had passed away.

LOUIS M. NAGELEISEN, '09.



## The Hailstone and the Raindrop.

A hailstone and a drop of rain  
In mid-air chanced to meet,  
And seeing each could not refrain  
To one another greet.  
Said the hailstone to the raindrop:  
"How soft and puny thou;  
I too, if such it were my lot,  
Would be a-weeping now.

"So powerful and strong am I  
That plants my coming fear,  
And bowed to earth in anguish lie  
When I am drawing near.  
With shot I strike the shivering blade  
And pierce it like a thorn;  
I seek a prey for ruin made,  
And tear the growing corn.

"Not even Nature's beauties' spread  
My blighting force can stay;  
And dainty petals whirl ahead  
Before me on my way.  
And now, Sir Raindrop, soft and clear,  
Can you such deeds me show;  
Can you inspire such deadly fear  
Where'er you chance to go?"

"My deeds tell not of strength and force,  
I touch with gentle hand  
The thirsty bud, and in my course  
I moisten all the land.  
I lift the drooping stalk and vine  
And they my nectar drink;  
And raise their lips in thanks to mine,  
Till we in rapture link."

And then within an angry cloud  
The hail the raindrop faced;  
And gentleness to might was bowed,  
For the drop the hail embraced.  
In battle locked, they feel in flight  
A sunny beam's caress;  
And melting then, we see that might  
Must yield to gentleness.

CHARLES PFEFFER, '09.



## Modern Superstition.

*Cato mirari se aiebat. quod non rideret haruspex, haruspicem quum vidisset.*

WE often smile when we think of so gross an idea as looking at the entrails of a fowl for divining future events, and we heave a deep sigh of pity when we remember the witchcraft delusion, but it is an undisputable fact that in this great age of enlightenment there linger in the hearts of many the fires of a narrow and foolish superstition.

Faint, weary hearts, that have been tossed about in the strife of conflicting creeds and have stranded on the shoals of doubt and unbelief, struggle and catch at every straw of supposed spiritual manifestation, but turn blindly away from the line of revelation and faith.

To these the spiritual has come to be governed by certain strange combinations of conditions, upon the strict observance of which depends man's success or failure; and the supposed knowledge of which marks out certain trends of the future that mar the otherwise peaceful happiness by grave anticipation and dread.

Men who scoff at and deride religion, who are bold to deny even the existence of God, will quake and quail under the supposed impending hand of fate which a foolish tradition has attached to the result of work begun on certain unlucky days.

Not less ridiculous are some of the common beliefs among many of the uneducated class of people. They are a strange mixture of superstitions of every nationality. The days of the week, the signs of the moon, the extraordinary occurrences of the day, are all interpreted to the weal or woe of the person under whose notice they fall. What country community but has its suspicious looking old lady, who by some very obscure texts of Holy Writ and more obscure reading, can work prodigies. Of course, no one exactly believes them, but they are consulted for the good that may come of them.

The same may be said of fortune telling. Even if the young woman whose future has been depicted as plainly and satisfactorily as can be expressed in mixed English and Hungarian, does not place explicit confidence in the power of the colored beads about the swarthy neck, nor in the glitter of the would-be jewelry; still, her future appears somewhat brighter and clearer, and it is really surprising how close to actual facts of the past the old gibber really did come.

However, it would be a mistake to suppose that superstition is confined to the country. One meets with many evidences of it in the city. Glancing at the houses from the street-car, the eye not unfrequently meets the sign, Madame—Palmist, Madame—Medium. As a rule, it is not a shanty from which such a sign is displayed, but a substantial house, with possibly a stone front. Evidently these people find patronage.

I have heard it said that in consequence of the predictions of one of these prophets that Chicago would be destroyed by an earthquake on such a day or month, and that New York is to be engulfed by a tidal wave, thousands will leave these cities.

Lighter forms of superstition are to be found even among the best of people. A pointed present, for instance, is rarely given, as it is sure to sever the bond of friendship; the left foot must be dressed first to insure success for the day; something will go wrong if you see the new moon over the left shoulder, and so on. Even sensible and religious people give credence to such things.

Thus it seems that the human mind tends to cling to superstition in spite of the influence of education. That people who are not enlightened by faith should turn to the occult and mysterious, as a substitute, is not surprising, but that truly religious souls can cherish any form of superstition, passes comprehension, unless we suppose that they do so thoughtlessly and in imitation of the folly of their neighbors.

LEO FAUROT, '08.



## A Way Out.

Byron: "Say, Lloyd, what is there pressing on your heart or your brain, that you look so serious? Can't you cast off sombre thoughts for at least an hour or two?"

Lloyd: "Well, Byron, I came out into the country this afternoon with a firm resolution to enjoy nature and leave all thoughts of books behind, but I've been continually haunted by that composition I'm to have for to-morrow. The professor told us to write a dialog, and if ever any thing vexed me, this has. I've thought of it by day, and dreamt of it by night, but nothing has come to me. I've tried to write one on two students, on two country lads, on a king and his servant, and even one about ghosts, but with no success. I never could make out what I'd have them to talk about. I wish I had a way out of it!"

Byron: "Is that all? Why, I know a way out of that."

Lloyd: "You do?"

Byron: "Yes, write one when you get home."

Lloyd: "You had better keep your pert remarks to yourself. That won't help the matter any. Better help an old friend to get some few thoughts on the subject."

Byron: "Well, I know how miserable a person feels when he has'nt got his tasks. But there is always a way to do a thing, even to write a dialog."

Lloyd: "I wish you could mention that way, for I've only till to-morrow morning to finish it, and a big paragraph in Caesar to translate to boot."

Byron: "Well, in the first place I would suggest that you take a simple subject, and——"

Lloyd: "I know that much myself, but tell me the name of your simple subject."

Byron: "Just a little patience, if you please, old friend. If you've been dreaming a week about a subject and are still minus a suitable one, do you suppose I can turn one out on

the spur of the moment? But how about taking ourselves for the subject?"

Lloyd: "You and me? That would be quite a joke! But, pray, are we of sufficient importance to be written about?"

Byron: "Of course, we are. But all jokes aside, can't you and I find some interesting subject this afternoon to talk about?"

Lloyd: "I don't see how that's going to help the dialog any? How's that going to give me something to write about you and me? I will hardly dare to write that you are smoking out here!"

Byron: "Well, why not write what we were going to say about your plans!"

Lloyd: "I bet the professor would like to read stuff like that! And then the fine laugh I would get! No, not I!"

Byron: "Well, now, look here! Don't judge so rashly about what you are and are not going to do. In the first place you have an entirely wrong conception of a dialog for a class exercise. It is not the importance of what you say but how you say it. Above all, it must be natural, and when could it be more natural than when we are natural and talking about natural things?"

Lloyd: (After some reflection) "Well, that is not such a bad idea after all. I think, I'll follow your advice; and if I get a severe criticism, I'll just tell the professor how you helped me to 'a way out' of writing a dialog."

HENRY FRONING, '08.





# St. Joseph's Collegian.

Published by St. Joseph's College;

Edited bi-monthly by the Students.

---

Subscription, one dollar per annum.

Single copy 20 cents.

---

All letters and communications should be addressed:

THE COLLEGIAN, COLLEGEVILLE, IND.

---

Entered at the Post-Office, Collegeville, Ind. as second class matter.

---

## STAFF.

CLEMENT H. BOEKE, Editor.

ISIDORE W. COLLINS, Exchanges. LEO FAUROT, Locals.

BERNARD J. CONDON, Societies. DAVID P. FITZGERALD, Athletics.

ALEXANDER LINNEMAN, Personals.

---

## Editorials.

WE EXTEND to all our readers and friends a cordial invitation to attend the commencement exercises, which will be held on Tuesday, June 18th.

On the previous evening, a drama, entitled Alexander III. will be presented by the Columbian Literary Society.

A FAULT greatly prevalent among our young men, and, we are sorry to say, also among college students, is the promiscuous use of slang. Their conversation is often a conglomerate of slang phrases and expressions, typical of the street. Their vocabulary is not that of the student and man of culture but of the uncouth and illiterate. They have indeed acquired the wonderful art of speaking elliptically, the sentences often lacking subject or predicate and other unnecessary embellishments. Either their taste has been vitiated to such a degree by the habitual use of slang, or they shun the pains of cultivating a pure and refined speech.

There is little or no excuse for the student to offer for the use of slang. Enjoying the advantages of a college education, he should be a model to those deprived of this privilege.

The impression made by a young man addicted to the use of slang is certainly far from flattering. It is with words as with clothes, "they oft proclaim the man." As a correct attire indicates a gentleman of social rank and position, so the command of pure and dignified English marks the gentleman in the fullest acceptation of the word. At college, where all possible opportunities are offered to the young man of acquiring a perfect and dignified English, he should make use of the opportunity, lest in after life he will be considered a Philistine.



ON THE FIFTEENTH of next month the second International Peace Conference will convene at The Hague. The mission of this conference is indeed a noble one, and the influence it has exerted for the past few years on the relations of the various nations is certainly commendable. But is it not peculiar that, while representatives from petty kingdoms and princedoms are admitted, the delegate of the Pope, the vice-gerent of the Prince of Peace, is excluded? The Pope has at all times exerted a powerful influence in matters of peace and arbitration, and now he is debarred from the International Conference. Why is it that the nations exclude



him now from the Conference? While, indeed, he does no longer possess a temporal sovereignty, his lofty and unique position and his traditional mission, entitle him to a voice in the Conference. Do they, perhaps, well realizing his power and influence, fear this influence and intervention? Are his unselfish and high ideals of universal peace in conflict with their own? Do they, perhaps, still remember the memorable words of Leo XIII. — "The authority of the Supreme Pontiff goes beyond the boundries of nations; it embraces all peoples, to the end of federating them in the true peace of the Gospel. His action to promote the general good of humanity rises above the general interests which the chiefs of the various states have in view, and better than anyone else his authority knows how to incline toward concord peoples of diverse nature and character." Do not the nations acknowledge by their very act of exclusion this great influence and power of the Pope?

The Pope, though excluded from the Conference, may appeal from his lofty throne, the Chair of St. Peter, to all the people, and exercise as great an influence by his mighty voice on the cause of civilization and peace as the Hague Conference.



THE NEED OF CATHOLIC LAYMEN ready to defend their religion and able to champion the cause of the Church, is often keenly felt. The Catholic Church is in many instances imposed upon and her rightful claims waived or set aside, because she has no champions in the realms of culture and knowledge to defend her rights and uphold her glorious banner. The present situation in France is but a sorry example of the lack of vigorous and energetic laymen to uphold her rights against the perfidious attack of the state. If the Catholic Church in France had men like the late Dr. Lieber and other leaders of the German Center Party, to stand by her in this hour of need, her plight would soon be mitigated. This lack of able men to espouse the rights of the Church in France, is in a great measure due to

the absence of higher education.

While we have some men in this country who are able to wield a pen, and speak in defence of the Church, their number is comparatively small. Too few are the Catholic laymen who have received a thorough and broad education, who have drunk deep at the founts of knowledge, both religious and profane, and who can defend the Church ably and creditably. Their number ought to be legion. Why, then, are they not forthcoming? Are the educational facilities wanting? No, but the young men do not avail themselves of them. They are touched by the modern spirit of realism.

Education is but of little importance to them, regarding it only as a means of getting on in the world. Its value is representative to them only in so far as it is an aid to acquire money or office. They consider the time spent in acquiring a thorough education as foolishly wasted. The enticing jingle of the gold, the glittering and alluring positions in public life, are to them the incarnation of all goodness and the all in all of their aspirations. They deem a smattering of the rudiments of general knowledge and a natural adaptability sufficient equipment for a business career, and disregard the nobler and higher aims of knowledge. The aim of education is indeed not only to equip for a particular business or walk in life, but for life itself; not only to store the mind with general knowledge, but to train and discipline the mind to grapple with burning issues of the day, to lend dexterity in the unraveling of complex political and religious questions, and the ability to defend religion and the Church. It is only through a higher and broader education that this skill and consciousness will be acquired. Higher Education will develop men able to defend the Catholic Church on our platforms, on the staffs of our newspapers and in every walk of life; men able to defend its truth against the windings of error and to uphold its rightful demands. Only when the pressing need of higher Catholic education is fully realized, only then will we find a greater number of able and illustrious champions of the Church in our ranks.



The illustrious archbishop of St. Paul reviewing the pressing need of higher Catholic education says: "Knowledge is indeed the one force that forms the thoughts of men, that reaches into and directs the mind of men, and as the world is ultimately ruled by the mind, knowledge is and ever will be a sovereign power in humanity. When men whose high intelligence is undeniable profess belief in religion, then is religion respected. If therefore in America religion has been somewhat at a disadvantage in the arena, it is because in her contest with error and passion she has not had the public and avowed alliance of intellectual culture. The education that will furnish the Church with representatives and defenders such as we are speaking of, is that of the higher order given in our colleges and universities."



### Announcement.

THE Civil Engineering Class will continue work during the Summer Vacation, provided a sufficient number of students will enrol. Any applicant who wishes to enter the Engineering Department of St. Joseph's College as a regular student, or who desires a practical course in field work during the vacation only, should communicate with the Rector of the College as soon as practicable.

Instructions will be given by an Engineer of twenty years' experience in Railroad and Municipal work.

## Exchanges.

An editor may be fastidious at times, Ex-knights and ladies, and may even be styled an old crank, but as long as he is not too much the definition of the ephithet you may rest assured that he judges your work with due consideration, and only in as far as it may advance or retard the progress of college journalism.

As for praise, ours is but supplementary to that unalloyed and truly meritorious praise of which the recipient is his own donor. For who can add to the fulness of that praise which each of us feels in the smile, in the contented play of the features, when at our desks we entertain happy thoughts and weave them into some ingenious fabric.

The Easter numbers were highly expressive of that individual tone which is the distinctive charm of each of our colleagues. Some journals commemorated Shakespeare's birth-day with due solemnity. The *Abbey Student* held a very interesting debate in his honor. The gentlemen were very forcible and conclusive in trying to determinate Hamlet's feigned or unfeigned madness. While such subjects give the scholar free scope for exercising his acumen, and enable him to interest us with the best of his own thoughts and reflections, still, we often wish that the Bard himself could come back to clear our doubts on such points. Among other good things we have of late noticed some clever work in fiction and character sketching in the *Student*.

The *Young Eagle* also had its contributions at the Shakespeare Club. The writer of the "Piety of Shakespeare's Hero King," very opportunely touched upon the religious sentiment, which for many reasons is more or less suppressed in the great Bard's heroes and heroines. Its influence is certainly felt and expressed in Henry V. which made him the hero spiritually, in heart and mind.



While Shakespeare would have been delighted with recollections from the "Forest of Arden," in the *Young Eagle* we know not what effect "Dementia Shakespeariana" in the *Scholastic* would have had on him. At least we feel he would have entertained some queer opinions of his present-day admirers. The ingenuity, however, of the make-up of both "Dementia" and of the "Tragedy of Edward the First" is again characteristic of the *Scholastic*, which is foremost in making college journalism the literature of 'student-talk, and student-like expression,' not only in light and jovial matters but also in solid literary work.

*Sentinel*, in the discourse on "Child Labor" you indeed voiced our own sentiments and those of all truly Christian minds. Minds that are uncontaminated with, nor blinded by the grossness and degradation of materialism. For it is primarily this sickening monster, in union, of course, with other dissonances in the family circle, that can make parents so hard-hearted and worse than barbarous. So rare a thing as innocence placed at all hazards, beauteous images of God, souls that would have stayed His wrath, sang His praises, and perhaps, led others on to something more than earth can give, now wither away mid filth and poison, owing to the loss of an education and to the thirst of leeches whose greed is for more labor, less wages, and greater profits. Well may our neighbors across the water sneer and point their finger at us, who claim to be so 'far ahead.' Well may they exclaim: "America, America, ubinam gentium es!" This and more you suggested to us, Alumnus, in your article. Our one hope is that America will be able to reconstruct after the retribution comes; for come it must.

The *Solanian* spent much energy in endeavoring to treat Milton with as much originality in thought and diction as possible. But it is of little gain to us whether we circumscribe "Paradise Lost" with a 'circulus vitiosus' or speak of it in direct language, it all results in an equation where what we say is equal to what others have said of it. For the

simple reason that it is a work of the imagination purely, chaotic unreality, of which we can say little, since we believe less. More easily and to a greater advantage can we study and comment on the dramatist and the novelist. What they write concerns human life of which we are all parts, and can thus the better judge. Of "Paradise Lost" we can predicate no more than of a glorious dream-fugue. "Triste's Temptation" is a rather primitive story. It proceeds naturally, but that certain note of suspension and interest which strikes its chord at once, is not felt. This results, primarily, from the plot being a trifle old and the setting unenchanted. The special boon of a college short-story is that it has some bearing on the student body; on college doings and surroundings, and on all else that may involve a soph or a junior in some 'local mystery.' In this manner of story-writing we may become adepts, *Solanian*, and, perhaps, find more inspiration in such matters than in a "Missouri Corn Crop."

We find the arrangement in the *Agnatian* somewhat faulty. Beginning an item at the extreme foot of the page, where a stanza or two should fill out such blanks, indicates a deficit in the literary store-house. Why not a gleam of humor here and there and a sprinkle of wit? Your sister Ex., the *Young Eagle* carries on a very interesting department in some such dialogue form as in the "Butler's Pantry," which brings out the college spirit most prominently. Not only is it true of St. Clara's but of all other journals that append a column for pleasantries.

Friend *Ignatius*, that "Thousand Dollar Bill" was very dexterously handled. Raciness of language is certainly a great help towards causing suspension and interest in short-story writing. We also enjoyed the snappy and finished ending in the adventures of Mr. Fortier in the cafe. Condense such newspapers notices as your remarks on the "Crisis in France" into solid editorials and they will have effect.



We extend the glad hand to the *Columbia*, our esteemed Ex-man from over the Atlantic. To be surrounded by the lofty Alps, and to gaze upon picturesque Switzerland, is surely to be in the neighborhood of the Muses. Should they whisper secrets to you, brother editors, do not fail to tell us of them. "Wherefore of Fiction," is a well constructed essay, with plenty of matter for further thought. It aptly elucidates the purpose of fiction.

We would like to comment at length upon the editorial and exchange departments in the *Mountaineer*. Both are in the care of writers of exceptional power and charm.

The second number of the resuscitated *S. V. C. Index* has just come to our table and we hasten to say that we are much pleased with it. It has a rejuvenated air about itself, and what is more, the articles reflect the work of the class-room, especially those on "In Memoriam" and "Matthew Arnold." We have always held that the contributions to the college journal should reflect the work of the class-room even in the choice of subjects, the cries of some of our exchanges to the contrary, notwithstanding. Originality in treatment is just as desirable as that shown in the choice of a subject. If the student must be as up-to-date in his themes as the *North American Review* and the great magazines generally, he will be compelled to write beyond his years and abilities, and his treatment will be inadequate and labored in proportion as the subject is above him.

And now a word in reply to the *S. V. C. Student's* recent criticisms of us, lest our silence be taken for weakness or consent. While the criticism of the *Student's* ex-man on "Fading Lights of Literature" did not ruffle our feeling, as it was given in a friendly spirit, and with a desire to be fair, we must nevertheless take some exception to it. We do not admit that the idea underlying the article is a mistaken one, namely, that some of our great authors have lost

much of their power of appeal, because of the changed modes of thought and expression. To appeal to the present generation of readers, they would have to speak differently and also on different subjects. This does not argue "that the taste of the reading public (of to-day) is not so refined as it ought to be," nor, "that an inferior literature has supplanted a superior." It merely tends to prove that our tastes have changed. It is undoubtedly true that Milton "fails to interest and arouse the sympathies" of the general reading public, while Tennyson does, although the critics and people of real literary culture may find as many beauties in the former as in the latter. "Singers must change their tune, or be left without a hearing," says Stedman. The chief fault of the article was a lack of precision in the use of words, mainly in the adjectives, and this the ex-man of the *Student* very justly pointed out.

In the April number the same critic's eye is again upon us, and this time it is the author of the essay "The Art of De Quincey" who receives his censure. If, as you seem to admit, "Joan of Arc" is De Quincey's most characteristic essay, it surely "places our author in the lime-light of observation and criticism," meaning thereby that observation and criticism can best direct its light to this treatise, in order to judge De Quincey. You are correct, however, in saying that this treatise reveals no weakness of language but rather of the author, and the writer of the article in question was inconsistent in ascribing it first to the language and then to the author. But a weakness of the author it does reveal, namely, a tendency to "irony and frequent digression." Of course, De Quincey may leave his story of "*La Pucelle*," to animadvert on M. Michelet, for such was his avowed object in writing the essay, but he may not abandon a pathetic narrative to indulge his passion for irony, or his desire for display of knowledge and acumen. This he does in several instances, notably where he speaks about Joanna's childhood and the condition of her family. His allusions to the fairies, the stag, and Monsieur D'Arc, and his references to Southey, are surely unwarrantable



digressions and offend by their flippancy. That De Quincey is "inclined to ramble" is conceded, we think, by all of his critics, and should be patent to every one of his readers.

We do not wish to uphold the assertion that De Quincey is "the peer in imagination and magnificence of diction" of Wordsworth and Coleridge. On these points these three authors are too unlike to admit of a comparison.

Were it not for the fact that he is inclined to be over-critical, we would have no fault to find with the *Student's* ex-man, even though he has twice directed his shafts against us. His criticism is healthy and fearless, and it is a pleasure to meet with it. Critics are not yet agreed among themselves whether it is their office rather to find fault than detect beauties, but in our case the critic devoted himself too much to the former. Had he borne in mind that an article should be judged rather on its general excellence than for particular faults, he would not have found it strange that several exchanges "commended the essay 'Fading Lights of Literature.' " In any case, his criticism is helpful, even if too severe, and we appreciate it accordingly.

We had a private interview with the *Niagara Index*, *Exponent*, *Dial*, *Patrician*, *Blue and White*, *Marquette Journal*, *Jerome Schoolman*, *School Echo*, *Morning Star*, *St. Mary's Messenger*, *Small Talk*, *Fordham Monthly*, *St. John's University Record*, *Alpha Pi Mu* from Longwood, Chicago, *Purple and White*, *The Collegian*, *Oaklnad*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *Institute Echoes*, and the *Laurel*.



## **New Books.**

**“The Christian School.”** Pastoral Letter of the Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., Bishop of Trenton. Second Edition. Benziger Bros.

This is a beautiful treatise on the nature, end, and requirements of education. After sketching the history of education in ancient times and pointing out the deficiencies, the author describes the Christian view of education, and the efforts made by the Church to supply it. To learn one's duties towards God and fellow-man is of course essential, and to acquire character and virtuous habits and modes of thought is more important than to master a science. Education can therefore not be divorced from religion. Hence the need of parochial schools. The author seems to think that in the no distant future an arrangement can be made, when we will not have to bear the double burden of maintaining our own schools and the free schools. In the meantime we must continue to support the parochial schools for the sake of religion and right education.



**“Patron Saints for Catholic Youth.”** Vol. II. By Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Bros. Price, 60 cents.

In pleasing and simple language the author relates the lives of eight most lovable saints. Beautiful, indeed, are the anecdotes related concerning these servants of God, and they not only enkindle our love but also inspire us with the desire to imitate them. In order that the noble sentiments contained in this little book may be deeply impressed upon the mind of youth, an illustration portraying some incident in the saint's life, accompanies each narration. Although primarily intended for the young, it also serves as good Catholic reading for the adult.

R. D. '09.



**“Round the World.”** Vol. II. With 103 Illustrations.  
Benziger Bros. Price 85 cts.

This is the second volume containing a series of illustrated articles on a great variety of subjects, with which the average man is not familiar. An observant traveler has taken the pains to reproduce from his diary in beautiful descriptions and elegant illustrations the habits, customs, and progress of the nations of the world. The book is undoubtedly very interesting and instructive, and is sure to make a vivid impression on the reader. Buy this for your home library in preference to any novel.

A. H.



## Societies.

**Columbian Literary Society.** The Columbians held their regular election Sunday, March 24, 1907. After a double session, characterized by an abundance of uncalled-for storminess and excitement, a definite result was finally reached. Mr. Clem. Boeke was elected President, and Mr. Henry Froning Vice-President. The following gentlemen were voted in for the remaining offices: Isidore Collins, Sec.; Herman Grube, Critic; Henry Berghoff, Treas.; Walter Eppley, Marshal; Leo Faurot, Bernard Condon, Edward Neumeier, Ex-Committee. The appointments were as follows: Henry Froning, Herman Grube, Bernard Condon, John Gallagher, Thomas Menten, Advisory Board; Louis Heckman, Libr.; Albert Hoffman, Custodian; Louis Brucken, Theodore Koenn, George Hasser, Auditing Committee.

On St. Joseph's Day a choice literary program was rendered, consisting of the following numbers:

1. Oration, "Lafayette's Visit to the U. S.".....Herman Grube.
2. Humor. Selection, "My First Political Speech," Dan. McShane.
3. "The Curse of Regulus".....Louis Brucken.
4. Song, "The Storm Fiend,".....O. Muehlenbrink.
5. Debate: "Resolved that the Shorthand-writer { Aff. A. Wittman.  
wields a greater influence in the community {  
than the Musician,"..... { Neg. Leo Faurot.
6. Declamation, "The Wine-cup,".....L. Hildebrand.
7. Comical Selec., "The Bald-headed Man,".....W. Dowling.

All the participants were well prepared, and afforded the audience an hour of real intellectual enjoyment. Mr. Grube's oration especially was characterized by beauty of thought and style and easy delivery. Daniel McShane established his reputation as a first-class political speaker, and received hearty applause for the tact and naturalness with which he described a situation somewhat too familiar, no doubt, to many of us. But the Debate proved *the number*



of the evening's program. Mr. Wittman put up an excellent side, and enumerated his points with force and beautiful expression. Mr. Faurot was not quite so happy in his choice and presentation of arguments, especially considering the side he had to defend. The debate, however, as such was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and is worthy of imitation on the part of all energetic Columbians.

**German Society.** The Xaverians are working on a revision of their Constitution at present. The officers for the ensuing term are as follows: Ivo Weis, Pres.; Herman Grube, Vice-Pres.; Fred. Lippert, Sec.; George Scheidler, Critic; Herman Grube, Bernard Condon, George Pax, Ex-Committee; Charles Condon, Marshal; Frank Beuke, Libr. On April 14, Fr. Heldman delivered an eloquent lecture on "The Use and Beauty of the German Language," before the Society. Its effect is already noticeable, and we long for another opportunity of listening to this great speaker and our most esteemed friend.

**Altar Society.** The Acolytes have chosen Lawrence Blottman as President and Leo Dufrane as Secretary. Wm. Mecklenborg was elected to the office of Vice-Pres., John Goetz became Censor, Carl Rosenberg Sergeant-at-Arms. On May 17, several of the members will make their First Holy Communion. All the servers will be present in the Sanctuary, and assist at the Solemn services. We hope to hear some songs by their Choir during this month of May.

### **The Commencement Play.**

After due consideration the choice of a Commencement Play fell upon "Alexander III." All students of history know what beautiful reminiscences and noble deeds of tragic and dramatic interest cluster around the name of this great man, and these Fr. Guggenberger's fine drama of "Alexander III." graphically portrays. The cast of characters for the play has been made only after careful thought and study, and no pains will be spared in perfecting its staging and presen-

tation. To the Alumni in particular, and all the friends of the College we extend a hearty invitation to honor us with presence at Commencement, and witness the rendition of "Alexander III."

Cast of Characters.

Alexander III, Pope, .....	Isidore Collins.
Frederic Barbarossa, Emperor,.....	Otto Muehlenbrink.
Raynald of Dassel, Imperial Chancellor,.....	August Wittman.
Bonello, Count of Castlemare,.....	Leo Faurot.
Francesco, his Son,.....	Bernard Condon.
Tulco, Count of Castelrocco,.....	Vincent Williams.
Guido, his Son,.....	John Gallagher.
Cardinal of Naples,.....	Thomas Quinlan.
Conrad, Archbishop of Mainz,.....	George Scheidler.
Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony,.....	Joseph Dahlinghaus.
Henry of Austria,.....	Linus Hildebrand.
Leopold of Austria,.....	Thomas Menten.
Otto of Wittelsbach,.....	Paul Wiese.
Count Frangipani, Papal Commander,.....	Louis Nageleisen.
Guerrazzo, a Roman Conspirator,.....	Frank Hanley.
Guisseppe, Roman Agent of Tulco,.....	Ed Ruczkowski.
Grippo, the Court-fool,.....	Henry Dues.
Basso, the Hangman, .....	Henry Berghoff.
Gero, the Castle-guard.....	Aloysius Besinger.
Killin, Nephew of Dassel,.....	Louis Brucken.
Carlo	{ Charles Scholl.
Burkhard	
{ Guards of Bonello,.....	
{ Evaristus Olberding.	
Castellan,.....	George Pax.
Soldiers,.....	F. Notheis, G. Hasser, Th. Koenn, W. Epply.
Conspirators,.....	Th. Koenn, W. Eppley. G. Hasser.
Pages .....	{ Wm. Mecklenborg.
	{ Chas. Purcell
	{ Leo Dufrane
	{ Robert Mecklenborg.





## Mr. Griffith's Reading.

ON March 17, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, the distinguished Shakespearean reader and teacher of elocution, in a reading of "The Merchant of Venice" and King Lear." It is the third time that Mr. Griffith has read at the College, and never have we enjoyed him as much as on this occasion. He has undoubtedly gained in several respects since we last heard him, especially in power and precision. As a notable artistic achievement we regard his portrayal of Shylock; it was a pathetic, a noble, and at the same time a pitiable figure that we contemplated in the Jew. As the representative of his race, as a man among strangers, and as a father he inspires pity, while as the victim of an overmastering passion, avarice, he excites our fear. But it is impossible to describe the effect produced by Mr. Griffith's interpretation. We think that his portrayal of Shylock is on a higher artistic plane and more true to Shakespeare's ideal than any one's on the stage at present. Mr Griffith realizes that the limits of the reader are more closely drawn than those of the actor, but within these limits he achieves veritable triumphs.

If a further step towards perfection is possible, we would say that it lies in the direction of greater differentiation of character in voice and manner, for the sake of greater variety and picturesqueness.

Mr Griffith is without doubt a reader of great insight, power, and culture, and as a reader of Shakespeare, we think, he has no equal.

## Athletics.

NEVER have base-ball activities been so flourishing as this year, as a look at the campus during free time will convince anyone.

The representative team has been organized, and gives promise of a glorious record. Every effort possible has been made to furnish a fast playing and gentlemanly team, and thus far we are assured of success. We are particularly fortunate this year in having such a strong pitching staff as Hassler, Nageleisen and Notheis, all of whom are in superb form for the ensuing encounters. Hummer has been placed behind the bat, and fills this position admirably. The infield as played by Berghoff, Gallagher, Fitzgerald shows much speed and strength, while the outfield will be well tended to by Pfeffer, Faurot and Carmody. The team as composed gives evidences of superiority over all former S. J. C. aggregations; and if given the proper support will bring home many scalps.

The new suits have arrived and are certainly of the first class order. They are yale gray in color, trimmed in cardinal red. We have been sorely in want of uniforms for some time past, thus the acquisition of new ones makes them all the more appreciated. In all they make a very natty appearance, and the team is to be lauded for the color chosen, which is to say the least, congenial. The team wishes to express their sincere thanks to the Faculty and Business men of Rensselaer for their liberal donations towards their purchase.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather during the past month the base-ball schedule was somewhat delayed; but everything at present gives unmistakable evidences of a prosperous season ahead.



On April 27th, being especially favored by fate, we made our initial bow for the season of '07, and swamped East Lafayette High School by a score of 9—2.

The game throughout was exceedingly slow. Both sides fielded well, but the Lafayette infield lost their bearing in the second inning, which resulted in five runs. The visitors were also weak at the bat, being able to glean but two hits from Nageleisen;

The fielding stunts of Nageleisen and Pfeffer were features of the contest.

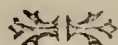
The score.

S. J. C.	AB.	R.	H.	E.	L. H. S.	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Faurot CF.	4	2	0	0	Tompkins SS	4	0	1	1
Hasser 2B.	5	0	1	2	Parr 3B.	4	0	0	0
Fitzgerald 3B.	2	1	0	0	McGrath P.	3	1	0	5
Gallagher SS.	4	2	1	0	Steward 1B.	4	0	0	1
Pfeffer LF.	4	2	0	0	Overesh C.	3	0	0	1
Carmody RF.	3	0	1	0	Siler 2B.	4	0	0	0
Berghoff 1B.	3	1	0	1	Leaning LF.	4	0	0	1
Hummer C.	3	1	0	1	Vaugh CF.	2	1	1	1
Nageleisen P.	3	1	1	0	Switzer RF.	2	0	0	0
Total	31	10	4	4		30	2	2	10

Two-base hits, Gallagher, Carmody, Tompkins. Stolen bases, Fitzgerald 2, Pfeffer 3, McGrath. Bases on balls—Off Nageleisen 1, McGrath 9. Struck out—by Nageleisen 7, Mc Grath 10. Time 2:30. Umpire, P. Theodore Saurer.

#### THE LEAGUE.

Much interest has been manifested in the formation of the base-ball league. This league has been formed with a view to promote general interest for the game as well as to develop fit material for the future representatives. Under the general management of H. Froning the league will bring out some good players. The teams have been very equally arranged, and some very exciting and close games have been played. The names of the respective teams are: *Maroons*, *Shamrocks*, *Vigilants*, and *Royals*.



## Localisms.

A new geographical discovery has just been made. Osterloh says that as we would come to the starting point if we travel in a straight line in any direction, we are from that fact in the middle of the world.

Fitz.—Say, Sock, how did you ever miss the stage?

Soc.—Peculiar, isn't it? but, really, I don't know.

Tim: (coming to the rescue)—Why the stage don't travel on a huckster-wagon.

Talcum powder will cover dirt, but will not insure the character.

Tit.—By what marks are some people best known?

Tat.—Unnecessary *re*-marks.

Blub—(After the quarterly distribution of baseballs to the teams of the league) "I believe our team got the best balls in the bunch, don't you?"

Play ball when the sun shines.

A crying fielder catches no flies.

The catcher catches the ball but misses the report.

In base-ball you don't always hit what you strike at.

It takes just as much energy to knock a foul ball as a fair.

The batter who thinks of the grand-stand behind him stands a grand chance of striking out.

A breast protector does not protect the shins.

A hasty throw to third generally raises the score.

Umpires are not always blamed for their judgment.

Do as the coach says and the fault is his, not yours.



It is one thing to hunt the ball and another to beat it out.

It is the last inning that decides the game.

What a pitcher lacks in his head he *must* have in his arm.

If you make your living by base-ball you must root for it.

“Can a person play base-ball an hour after he had been walking on crutches.”

Dowling,—“Sure, if you found out in the meantime that it is a free day. Who would use crutches on a free day?”

#### BARNEY ON SCHOOLIN'.

“‘This college-life’s a killin’ me,”

Said Barney with a sigh,

“‘I feel like throwin’ up the sponge,

An’ knockin’ things sky-high.

“‘Some says, ‘There’s no use grumblin’,”

Folks all have ups and dows;

But no one’s judge fur college,

Unless he’s gone the rounds.

“‘Now when you take up studies,

The first thing that you hear—

‘When once the ice is broken, boys,

The sailin’s smooth and clear.’

“‘Now where’s the boy to lend a hand

At breakin’ ice away?

When all boys know that skates on ice

Beats boatin’ any day.

“‘An’ then, ’em rules fur discipline

An’ application marks—

I see there’s no use tryin’,

Them things is meant fur sharks.

“‘They got a rule for everything,

You couldn’t learn the half;

An’ tryin’ to learn boys manners,

The idea makes me laugh.

“Why don’t they let the boys alone,  
They’d manage things, you bet;  
I slapped a sassy kid one day,  
An’ he hain’t forgot it yet.

“We mus’ git up a half past five,  
An’ breakfast comes at seven;  
While home I git up when I please,  
At nine, er ten, er ’leven.

“I tell you now, that college days  
Ain’t what they’re cracked to be,  
Fur then it’s ‘foller suit or trump’;  
I’m sure it’s killin’ me.”

#### THE FINAL HIT.

“Three men on base, we’re three behind”;  
“Two outs, two strikes,—ball three”;  
Before he makes the final throw  
The pitcher scowls at me.

I gripe the bat, his long arm sweeps,  
I see the white ball start,  
A stroke—a crash—and through the air  
It pierces like a dart.

I start, but fall, I cannot run,  
I pick myself up, sore;  
And find my final hit was made  
When I had hit the floor.

